

RECEPTION EDITION TOIKE OIKE



TOIKE OIKE, TOIKE OIKE, OLLUM TE CHOLLUM TE CHAY,
SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, HURRAY, HURRAY, HURRAY.

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No. 2

BOBBY'S BOYS BEAT IT OUT...

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN. . .

In the not too distant past, when engineering was on the Queen's Park Campus, the Reception Dance was a grand climax of a terrific day.

The frosh were received earlier in the day in a ceremony held in the Varsity Stadium. Lined up by the "sophs" the frosh marched into the stadium where the pace was accelerated and they ran in an endless circle. When they were tired of running they were told that running without shoes was much easier. Without shoes they ran.

In reply to orders delivered over the P.A. system the frosh bowed low in reverence. They lined up and proceeded to pass fish, wet and slippery fish, cakes of ice and logs down the line.

Wheel-barrow races followed and then on hands and knees the frosh crept over



Bobby Gimby who will be the maestro at the dance.

the ground recovering any stray pieces of paper, twigs, etc., littering the ground.

All through their time of tribulation the skule cannon roared, mocking them and when they could stand no more the
(Continued on page 2)

RECEPTION DANCE TONIGHT

Here it is!

The Freshman Reception Dance is tonight with Bobby Gimby, his men and Rudy Hanson, vocalist, set to shake the walls of the Royal York.

Always a memorable part of the first year this is the day that the engineer is recognized as a part of the "gang". In the past the day has been even more deeply lodged in the minds (and the physiques) of the *frosh* and this year it will again symbolize the end of Initiations. Although there was no hazing this is the day when the green ties come off.



Ruddy Hanson whose songs will be one of the attractions at tonight's affair.



The Royal York, setting of many university dances, will shake with the steps of happy Schoolmen at the Reception tonight.

Later in the year the School At-Home will be held here and still later the Graduation Dance. But tonight in the Banquet Hall under the direction of Bobby Gimby and his men the freshmen will celebrate the end of wearing "the green".

Bobby Gimby and his men are set to make merry. From 9 to 1 they will set the pace as the floor rocks under the toes of the throng and from time to time there will be the lyrics of Rudy Hanson.

Tickets are on sale in the Engineering Society Office, but with the rush many will be disappointed. Lucky is the fellow who got his early.

THE TOIKE OIKE

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EDITORIAL TO THE FROSH

We wish you luck with your course.
We wish you luck in your outside activities.

You now know about the games, the Engineering Society, the dances, the Clubs—which are just being organized—and a multitude of other ways to spend the time. We wish you well in them.

The fact that Ajax is so far from the Queen's Park Campus need not hinder your joining in the activities of an undergraduate engineer. The clubs that are being organized and the sports which have been organized and the other activities of the Engineering Society, the product of much careful planning, are interlocked with the Engineering Society in Toronto.

You have been introduced to the life at School, tonight's "do" is in recognition of this. Now that you know the activities go all out for them. Try to make a happy blending of School activities and studies.

Best of luck and may your choice of activities be successful.

(Continued from page 1)

THERE WAS A TIME . . .

sophs took pity on them. A halt was called and sophs and frosh joined in a mighty *Toike Oike*. The Initiation was over.

But in the days before the skule canon, in the days before the Varsity Stadium the Reception was a much more brutal affair.

The frosh and sophs prepared for weeks ahead. Huge supplies of tar, axle grease, and rotten eggs were stored in the basement of the "Little Red Schoolhouse".

On the back campus they joined—in battle. Always it was the same story. The frosh were not organized.

Always the supplies of the frosh gave out first and hand to hand they fought.

Rip went collars and shirts. Clothes littered the field as the fight went on. At the end of the fight not enough clothes were left on sophs and frosh to clothe one man. Many a man borrowed a raincoat and a pair of rubbers to get home.

SCHOOL SOCIAL CALENDAR

TUESDAY, October 29: The School Dinner in the Recreation Hall, Ajax. The guest speaker will be C. D. Coleman, president of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. A well rounded evening with speeches by staff and students will be the fare of the 57th Annual School Dinner.

FRIDAY, November 29 and December 6: The School Nite Show at Hart House. Bobby Gimby and Ellis McClintock and other great orchestras will play for those who want to dance. There will be a display of swimming in the pool and other activities such as movies and there will be the show, put on jointly by Ajax and Toronto.



In a lighter mood—Bobby Gimby.

TUESDAY, December 10: The Engineers Ball at the Royal York. A get-together for Ajax—both frosh and sophs.

THURSDAY, January 30: The School At-Home, the Dance of the year, with three big bands and the whole Convention floor of the Royal York. More details of the At-Home later.

Even after the battle on the back campus was abolished, fights continued. The green tie was to a meddler (wearing red) as a red flag to a bull. Ties were to be fought for and ties were to be protected. Few were the men who reached the day of the reception with their green ties intact. But always with a little piece of green, borrowed from a friend, in their button-hole they went back into the fight.

In the not too distant past few indeed were the men who wore their ties until the night of the Reception Dance.

Place—Minden.

Time—An evening in May.

Dramatis Personae—

He—an anonymous forestry student.

She—an equally anonymous local girl.
She (sweetly)—"You're not very fast, are you."

He (hurt)—"Why I thought I was doing all right for a city fellow."

She (wistfully)—"Well you're not as fast as those Engineers who come up here in the fall."



The Sampuc Tac

Flames danced from the windows of S.P.S. Huddled about in little groups, the engineers watched their old red school-house slowly crumble to ashes.

As evening approached, the overcoated figures gradually departed until only Tangent McSlydrool and a few loyal companions remained.

In a small pile at the south end of the campus were gathered the few valuables saved from the flames; J. Roy's iron hopper, a drawer full of "G" lenses from the Applied Physics Lab, a scoreboard with last year's T. A. Reed results, and ten sets of broken transit legs.

For a long time no one spoke. Peering now into the flames of the burning building, looking now at one another, each knew the thoughts of his companions. Sampuc Tac lay burning within the building. . . .

Within the inferno a fortune in engineering equipment was rapidly becoming dust. The leather-lined easy chairs from S. 32, the beautiful marble floor tiles, the smooth white drafting boards, all lost.

Yet the same thought was on every one's mind. "Where's Sampuc?" "Why could no one find the Tac?"

"Look!" shouted Tangent, "The walls are falling!"

Suddenly a terrific explosion rent the air. From above the orange flames a black feline figure came hurling down towards the group. Could it be? Yes! No! Yes! No! Yes, it is. Sampuc Tac has returned!

Battered and scarred, but smiling as ever, Sampuc Tac fell at the feet of the group of Skulemen.

Clutched between his paws was a note which Tangent immediately grabbed.

Reading aloud by the shaky light of the dying flames, Tangent recognized the handwriting of the great founder of Skule, Prof. N. Gin Beer.

"When the walls shall burn and crumble,

In your old school house here

When professors always grumble

And the stores run out of beer,

When your notes are all a jumble

And things seem mighty queer,

Just pin the blame on Ajax,

Or some drunken Engineer."

Aw lets throw him back in the fire. This is the cat's ash.

SEE YOU
AT THE
SCHOOL DINNER